



MONTEREY NEWS

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*Tw'as thine own genius gave the final blow,
And help'd to plant the wound that laid thee low.
So the struck eagle, stretch'd upon the plain,
No more through rolling clouds to soar again.*

— Byron

September 11, 2001 . . . and after

After the tragic events of September 11, I asked everyone I talked to to send in reflections, prayers, poems, or anything else. Some of those are printed below. All readers are invited to send in their contributions for future issues. Now is the time for us to be talking to each other.

And a special thank-you to Judi Kales for finding the amazing photograph and quotation on p. 1.

The View Across the River

This started out to be a piece about the Lake Garfield Association . . .

The Lake Garfield Association committee held a meeting hard on the heels of LakeFest, heady with success and full of ideas about making it bigger and better next year. There were some who demurred — *maybe bigger isn't necessarily better* — and others who suggested new targets for fundraising, like playground equipment for the town beach. Then, we talked about larger issues, defining our mission, goals, and purposes. We discussed better ways to reach out, present our ideas, open dialogue and encourage active involvement from the community at large. We determined to educate ourselves about environmental issues. Oh, there was plenty to talk about, and what was to have been an early morning meeting lasted way past the lunch hour. I accumulated a pile of notes and drove back to New Jersey, to what I think of as my *other*, not *primary*, home, to write an article for the *Monterey News*.

And so it was that I was sitting and writing at my computer, in a bay window on the fifteenth floor of a building overlooking the Hudson River, at nine in the morning of September 11, 2001. I looked

up from my work and saw smoke filling the sky, grabbed my binoculars (always kept near at hand to watch sailboats and check traffic on the West Side Highway) and focussed in on the World Trade Center. At that precise moment, the second plane flew into the Tower and exploded. Only after I turned on the radio did I know the full import of what I had just witnessed. I watched one building collapse, then the other. Chrysanthemum-shaped plumes shot into the sky. Perversely, those awful clouds reminded me of the LakeFest fireworks. Everything that had happened before this morning seemed completely irrelevant.

The next few days are difficult to revisit. We were stunned, angry, frightened, and sad. Trips were canceled, plans changed. Like most of America, perhaps most of the world, I sat glued to the television screen for the first days, watching, over and over, events which, although I had seen them with my own eyes, still seemed too terrible to be real. People everywhere reached out to friends and families, and "I'm okay," became the most precious words in our language. We began to rethink and reevaluate our priorities, to look at our lives and wonder if the way we spend our time is worth the trouble. Some of us took comfort in the beauty of nature, finding a bitter irony in the string of nearly perfect autumn days.

Others, looking for solace in language, tried to call forth words that could explain what had happened. We all needed to be with friends, afraid to be alone with our fear.

Lake Garfield Association members were busily connecting, too, via e-mail; first, to make sure that everyone was all right, and then, to decide whether our concerns were just too trivial to bother about. We wondered when things would get back to normal, and if we would have to redefine "normal." We decided to table our pre-attack *Monterey News* article.

During these difficult days, the committee kept "talking," on line, about the viability of our future plans and what the Monterey community continues to mean to us, whether we are currently physically there or not. Just knowing Monterey exists, and that each of us has a place there, is helping us to get through. A theme emerges from these messages:

From Janet Cathcart: "What an awful time. . . But we felt lucky to be [in Monterey] and spared other traumas."

From Kathie Frome: "The [LakeFest] experience . . . was extraordinary. The way we all worked together was what I hope will someday be the way all humanity works together. It reminds me of the Native American Medicine Wheel where each person is seen as having his/her unique perspective, gifts, and contributions to

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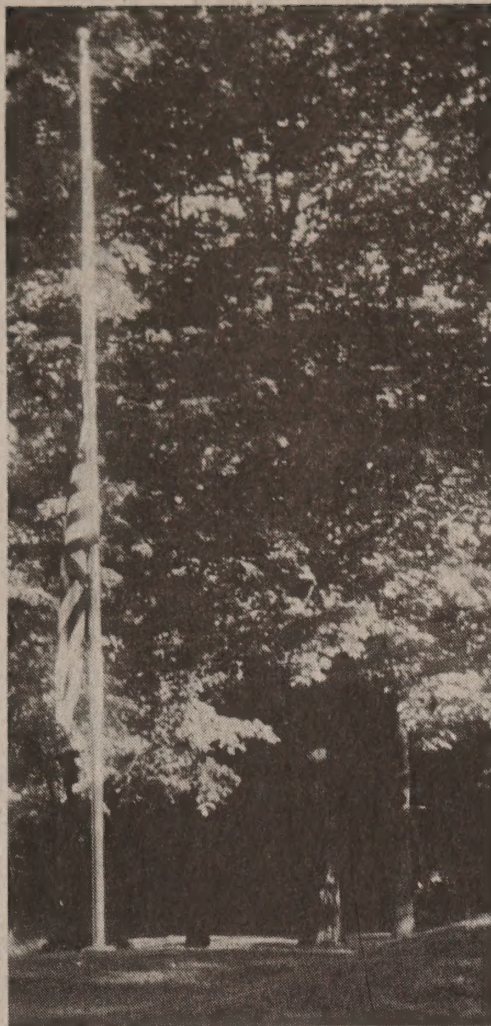
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make that coexist without the need to grasp and shove and that are all interconnected and equally essential to the whole picture."

Every morning since September 11, I wake up slightly depressed, thinking, *something terrible has happened*, hunt around in my head until I find it, and then look out the bedroom window at the New York skyline, and see that, indeed, *it really happened*. Then I remember, with thanks, that my family and my friends are all okay, and that there are many good people in my life. I think a lot about Monterey, made up, as it is, of residents whose families have been there for generations, others who are new in town, retirees, "summer people," and "weekend people," all living together. I am convinced that LakeFest *wasn't* trivial, that our concerns to strengthen the bonds among the diverse populations in our town are *not* trivial. We may come from many backgrounds, and have different aspirations, perspectives and talents. But we've demonstrated that, with such a strong sense of community, we can live together and work together, "[as we] hope will someday be the way all humanity works together." Nothing could be less trivial.

— Harriet Harvey



Dean Amidon

Farewell to the Towers

Two mighty towers, twin Titans, that dared to raise their proud heads above the clouds, gone forever from the celebrated skyline. I remember the many times I stood on the observation deck, excited to share with visitors from home and abroad the grandest vista of the greatest city in

U.S. 'Second' Day of Infamy

The events of 9/11/01 should come as no surprise. We have been warned time and again by our own and foreign experts on terrorism that an assault on the U.S. was going to happen — not if but WHEN.

Now it is our duty to civilized people all over the whole world to be world leaders and, sparing no resources, bring these terrorist organizations to justice in any way that is possible.

We have good reason to act, and act we should or freedom-loving people may not *ever* have another chance.

Fortunately, we have experienced and excellent leadership in charge, both in the executive and legislative branches of government.

Let us wholeheartedly support their decisions and actions with our resources and prayers.

— Dean P. Amidon

the world. From the Staten Island Ferry, seeing the towers soar above New York Harbor like a colossus — and magically, impossibly, there were two of them! Or the revelry of a party at Windows on the World, where for a brief moment we too touched the clouds. And now the Empire State Building is again the tallest, like a lonely lady missing her two gentlemen.

— Judi Kales



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How Then Shall We Live?

My plane took off to the east from the Hartford runway, directly into the red ball of the rising sun. I wondered how the pilots could see. After we climbed over the Connecticut River, we made a complete turn and headed west over our familiar Berkshire Hills. The river valleys were particularly clear, defined now by rivers of low-lying clouds: first the Farmington, then the Housatonic. Then we were over the Hudson and turning south over the Catskills. Before long the New York City skyline came into view at a distance; I was struck, as always by just how big, how out of all reasonable proportion the two towers of the World Trade Center were, seeming to have been built on a different scale from the rest of the city. It was about 8:00 a.m. when we landed at Newark. We had to sit for a few minutes on the taxiway while some of the planes waiting in line took off.

This was the first leg of my trip. I was on my way to Charlotte to meet my mother. She's eighty-eight years old, but that doesn't stop her from wanting to go to Hawaii to visit my brother, and I had promised to take her. We were to leave the next morning, September 12, for Honolulu.

The Newark airport was crowded, probably overcrowded, and my Charlotte flight was about fifteen minutes late boarding. It was a small jet that we were to board on the tarmac rather than from the terminal, so with my fellow passen-

gers I got on the bus that would take us out to the plane. It was about 9 o'clock. After we pulled away from the terminal we had a clear view of all the planes lined up at the gates, then a group of smaller planes, including ours, lined up almost like busses on one section of the tarmac, then the runways. And beyond them, in the distance, there were the Twin Towers again, glistening in the sunlight — only, there was a plume of gray smoke rising from the north tower. At this distance it looked like a smokestack, but it wasn't. What was going on?

As we approached our plane, the south tower exploded about a fifth of the way down in a fireball and billowing black smoke. The world tilted.

Soon the pilot announced that the flight was delayed; then it was cancelled. The airport was closed. All the airports in the country were closed.

A little before ten we were bussed back to the terminal. I tried to find a phone. There were lines for all and many were not working. I eventually found one that worked but was unable to get through to my mother; I did get through to Glynis, who was working in the cheese room at Rawson Brook Farm. Neither of us knew what would happen next. I told her I would try to call back later.

As I hung up, airport workers came by, chasing everyone out. The building and all the other terminal buildings were being evacuated. Hundreds, maybe thousands, of us went out the doors onto the

entry roads and started walking, some to try to get to cars, some this way, some that. I wound up with a couple of hundred others in a triangular median strip at an intersection of roads. We looked at each other. Cell phones weren't working, there were no radios around, and none of us knew what was going on. What next?

The crowd thinned when we found a nearby hotel courtesy phone kiosk (but no public pay phones), and some people were able to find hotel rooms, but those quickly filled up. After about three hours, an airport worker and a policeman found us and escorted us to another side of the terminal, where sandwiches and water had been brought in. The terminal was being checked for bombs and anything else, but we were allowed back in briefly with a security escort to go to the bathroom. We heard that the Twin Towers had both collapsed, that another plane had hit the Pentagon, that another was down in Pennsylvania . . .

The airport had arranged for shuttle buses to the Newark train and bus station. I was able to call Glynis again and decided that the best thing to do was to go into Newark. If there was no way to get a bus going north toward home I would try to get to Glynis's sister's home in Morristown.

And that's what I did. Thanks to the help and kindness of many not-so-strangers along the way, I found my way to the commuter train to Morristown. The con-



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ductor never came around to collect the fare. I learned the next day that this was one of the main commuter trains used by workers in the World Trade Center, and that there were unclaimed cars in the station parking lots. I got off the train in Morristown just as the sun was setting. Was it the same Sun?

I hugged Adrienne and my niece and nephews. The next morning I watched television, seeing over and over the plane crashing into the south tower, the towers collapsing. Glynis drove down in the afternoon, and Thursday morning we drove home.

Glynis went to work, and I to Benedict Pond, looking for healing waters and the solace of walking. I walked along the lake trail, then climbed the Appalachian Trail above the end of the lake, heading for a favorite bog. I sat on a rock by the open water behind a beaver dam. After a while I saw that there was a frog nearby, sitting on its own rock under the water, with just its eyes and part of its nose showing. I wished that I could sit like a frog, like a great Buddha frog.

Eventually I walked on up the trail until I got to a spot where there is an overlook with a view of valleys, hills, and ridges to the south. I sat down on a rock. How could I go back to my "regular" life? What difference does my usual work, my usual life make? What does it mean? What does our country mean?

If we truly believe in the ideals our country is founded on, shouldn't our response to this great evil that has been done to us be one that comes out of those ideals and not just a knee-jerk military action. How can we, a country based on freedom, equality, and justice, respond

without harming innocent people and inadvertently contributing to the conditions that help such evil to grow — without becoming that evil ourselves? How can we have security without a deterioration of the civil liberties, the respect for diversity, the freedom that makes up the very heart of the country?

I sat on the rock. I waited. What next? How then shall we live?

After a time I heard a rushing and rumbling approaching. I thought a weather front was coming in, only it was coming much too fast. Then in the sky in the distance, I saw it — an airplane. How strange.



On my way back down the trail toward Benedict Pond I picked up a pocketful of newly fallen acorns to scatter in the tornado scar below my home.

When I got back to the house I wandered around the yard. Then I went inside and looked up a quotation, something Abraham Lincoln had said at another time of national crisis: "As our case is new, so we must think anew. We must disenthrall ourselves, and then we shall save our country."

We must think anew . . . Maybe an idea making the rounds on the Internet is not so ridiculous. Maybe we should invade Afghanistan not with the military, but with food. Just think of it—line up thousand of Price Chopper trucks in the Khyber Pass and along the Pakistani border. Thousands more (these could be Safeway, driven by Russians who know where the roads are and aren't) could come in through Tajikistan and Uzbekistan. Big Y could come in with its thousands through Turkmenistan. And who knows, Iran might even come on board for this plan; then a Piggly Wiggly fleet could come in through there . . . (You might say I'm a dreamer—but I'm not the only one.)

Then I looked for "September 1, 1939," a poem that W. H. Auden wrote just as the Second World War was breaking out. The end of it reads:

*There is no such thing as the State
And no one exists alone;
Hunger allows no choice
To the citizen or the police;
We must love one another or die.*

*Defenceless under the night
Our world in stupor lies;
Yet, dotted everywhere,
Ironical points of light
Flash out wherever the Just
Exchange their messages:
May I, composed like them
Of Eros and dust,
Beleaguered by the same
Negation and despair,
Show an affirming flame.*

At this dark and troubling time, we grieve for those who didn't come home on September 11 and acknowledge our great debt to and respect for the firemen, the policemen, the rescue workers, those extraordinary ordinary people. We also hope and pray that our leaders speak and act from their higher natures. But we can only hope for that in our leaders if we strive to do so ourselves and help them and each other to do so. Now is the time to show our affirming flame.

Every action matters. Every word matters.

— Will Marsh

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Monterey, Our Village An Appreciation and Thanksgiving

Given the horrendous recent events, it occurs to me that this is an appropriate moment to stop and really see our village in a world perspective and to see how blessed we are. We live in a uniquely safe and lovely area, blessed by woods, fields, lakes, and a rolling year of seasonal beauty.

We are blessed by a proud history, beginning with the good Mahicans who dwelt here and left us a legacy of names to remember them by. We mustered a militia for the Revolution and our little dormitories of the dead, our cemeteries, have gravestones which carry the names of some of their descendants today. We have an historic Meetinghouse and General Store. We have weathered at least seven wars, offering up sons and husbands and fathers who died to keep us free to pick up the mail, go to the library, watch a Little League or hockey game, wave flags and parade on Memorial Day, swim at the lake, ski, hunt and work or stagger in with the wood.

But our greatest blessing continues to be our people: natives who have welcomed in-comers, summer people, people of all religions who live peacefully together and share each other's feast days. We have Town Meetings, free elections, volunteer firemen, selectmen and women, the Village Hall, the school. We even have a paper! We have gifted artists, writers, distinguished albeit modest retirees, and wonderful children. All kinds of animals, wild and domesticated. We in Monterey are truly a microcosm of what is right and best in America. No wonder Norman Rockwell chose to live in the Berkshires! Just look at us, all wopped up on a winter's day, cheeks burning, slithering around the General Store!

Certainly, under our roofs, patterns of joy and pain, births and deaths, worries and satisfactions, loves and heartbreaks, have, are, and will be taking place — they are part of the human condition — but, all in all, we are a caring community and owe each other an enormous debt of gratitude for making it possible to live in the humble dignity of our dear village of Monterey!

Who knows what the future holds, but if we stop and look at what we have maybe it will continue to inspire us to work together to keep it, and thus contribute to the country and the world.

— Alice O. Howell

The Thread of the Story In Memoriam

On the Tuesday morning before That Tuesday Morning in September, Alice O. Howell loaned me a piece of embroidery. "It's perfect for your fiber arts column," she assured me.

"Great; I'll use it for October," I replied as I grinned at the stitched menagerie in its miniature garden. Little did either of us suspect then how awfully perfect it would become.

The peaceable kingdom which the anonymous artist depicted so playfully was stitched in Vietnam. The piece belongs to Alice's son, Dr. Timothy Howell, a gift he received while working as a conscientious objector in a hospital there. Of all the images which then-young Americans brought home from that war, this is the only one I've seen that I would happily have in my home.

I wore flowers in my hair and my heart on my sleeve, back when Timothy Howell brought this piece of embroidery home to the States. I've been known to wear my heart where it shows, even today, and sometimes have the privilege of doing so right out loud in public. Here in this column, and, for the last three years, I've been asked to share a few words at the Monterey Service of Remembrance at Veterans' Park on Memorial Day.

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Last May, I spoke of Monterey's Civil War veterans. Although they'd left home singing "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" and "Love Me Tender" — yes, forty years ago, Elvis thrilled us with a Civil War song — they had not gone anywhere abroad when they lost their lives.

In the last few weeks, we've seen new images, too many images, of others who'd left home but were still on American soil when they died. We, or at least I, now wear my heart on my sleeve for people, strangers to us, for the most part, for whom we grieve.

I celebrate the heroisms we'll never know about, which defined lives at their close on September 11. I rejoice in those "little" heroisms which made all the difference, survivor to survivor, the stories we hear and tell over a cup of coffee, or at the post office.

I honor the courage of those who, as I write, stand by in uniform, on alert to respond militarily, if they are asked to do so. And I honor, too, the courage of those whose deep convictions demand a different response, some parallel service.

I celebrate that we are a great nation; founded on high ideals. Those ideals challenge us, as we move "Westward, ho!" into the Unknown, both to remember, and to reframe. To remember our past,

recent and historical, and to reframe our assumptions by placing them in the hands of One Whom even our currency suggests we can trust.

It is part of the inherent goodness of our democracy that our spirit, hearts, and souls are large enough to embrace America the Beautiful entire. May our minds and wills also rise to the occasion.

We all have our coping mechanisms for moving through what we find incomprehensible. When I couldn't get home after the '95 tornado, Jamie Yost welcomed me at The Turning Point. Guests

had left the B&B that day, and she'd done laundry. While I prayed that evening, I think I folded all the towels she'd had in the dryer. Three or four times, at least.

On September 11, Pam Johnson and I, stunned like everyone else, walked around Stevens Lake. It felt great to move, to do something with all the shock and horror running through my body. That afternoon, I ironed. At essence, these were the serenity prayer in action.

And I've been singing. Mostly "Let There Be Peace on Earth, and Let It Begin with Me," and "God Bless America."

As Timothy Howell's embroidery from Viet Nam attests, even at the worst of times, this beautiful garden, Earth, inspires the creation of beauty. Yes, God bless America. In fact, God bless the whole wide Earth.

— MaryKate Jordan



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From the Meetinghouse

I am an early riser, particularly for the sake of writing. Words come to me in the early morning more fluidly than at any other time. So, on the morning of September 11, with a deadline only a few days away, I rose at five o'clock in order to write my first article for the *Monterey News* as the new pastor of the Monterey Church. I wrote what I felt to be a fine introduction of myself to the *News* readers, with the hope that those who read might then have felt inspired to join us in worship on Sunday mornings.

Five hours later, what I had written felt to be of another time. By then, the twin towers of the World Trade Center had toppled, and the Pentagon had crumbled on one side. Hundreds of air travelers were dead, having suddenly found themselves flying not a passenger jet but a missile. And the words and images that I had used to articulate my faith suddenly seemed inadequate, irrelevant, antiquated.

You will most likely see that article in November. For now, I offer you this, an invitation to join us in worship, as community is truly a force against terror.

And I offer you this, an invitation to join a Bible study series that will begin on Monday, October 15, at 7 p.m. We will read the Lectionary readings for the following Sunday and discuss them, in terms of faith and in terms of study, until 7:45 or so. Our series will take us through the season of Pentecost, until the beginning of Advent in December. Join us once or every Monday.

And I offer you this, an invitation to use the sanctuary of the Meetinghouse exactly as it is intended to be used, as a sanctuary from whatever the world tosses our way from which we might need rest

Events Inspire Community Dinner Rebirth

The Heart and Spirit of this community is the collective heartbeat and striving for beauty, joy, peace, and love of each individual here. It shows its shining presence at times like our recent LakeFest and Monterey Day celebrations, Memorial Day ceremonies, the Steak Roasts and the Firemen's Ball, Town Meetings and all the smaller groups of local interest that are woven into the fabric of our town's character. And, it has the potential to spring into the kind of single-pointed and heroic effort that we have seen taking place in New York City this past month.

While many of us were still smiling from the idyllic moments of sitting to-

and peace. Use it for prayer, for gatherings, for yelling at God, for listening for God, for whatever you need for the sake of your spirit in whatever terms your tradition has handed down to you.

And finally, I offer you this, an invitation to call on me during my office hours or at any other time if you have any needs or requests of me or of the church family. The telephone number at my office is 528-5850. At home I can be reached at (413) 637-2999 or by e-mail at liz@goodman.md. My office hours are generally from 2:00-5:00 p.m. on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays.

God bless.

— Elizabeth Goodman

gether at the town beach on the night of LakeFest, bathed in the light of campfire, star shine, and explosions of color over our shimmering lake, we were suddenly shocked to the core by the unfathomable horror of massive and violent destruction and decimation. In the following weeks we've seen an outpouring of the very best of the human spirit, bringing new meaning to the word "community." We've seen our own communities joined in prayer, mourning, and support; and we've seen emerging the face of a World Community of people driven by the same strivings for good and the same innate sense of interconnectedness.

In the face of these events and a responsive, seemingly instinctual urge to strengthen community ties, it seems that the time is right to revive the long-standing tradition of Community Dinners with new enthusiasm, new ideas, a mounting sense of community spirit, and a newly renovated Meetinghouse basement. A diverse group of planners is coming together to brainstorm and sketch out a plan for monthly dinners throughout the fall, winter, and spring. The first **Community Potluck Dinner** will be **Wednesday, November 14, 6:00 p.m.**, in the **Meetinghouse basement**. Look for program details and an extended calendar in the November *Monterey News*. **Everyone is invited!**

Anyone interested in helping in any way, please contact Kathie at 528-2516 or mayek@bcn.net.

— Kathie Frome

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From the Hatchery Porch

As August spun into temperatures of 90 to 100, the pools lay white and drying in the sun. A several month effort to sanitize the pools and ready the tents for new fish neared completion. Tara Mielke has worked as the primary groundskeeper and overseer of hatchery chores. Build-ings have continued to be under renova-tion, receiving fresh coats of white and green paint with the help of local workers and volunteers.

Brown and rainbow trout are once again swimming in two pools at the Hatch-ery. There have been frequent sightings of a blue heron, which is determined to snack on the young fish. She perches on the edge of the fence, looking quite like a regal pterodactyl. Beige tents are used to help protect the trout from this predator and to reduce the growth of algae, which is accentuated by the sun.

As autumn descends with its multi-hued canopy, the sumac is noticeably crimson on its stalks. Goldenrod glistens

in yellow, seemingly unaware that others may call it a weed. Monarchs stretch out of their crowned chrysalises, and geese call to one another overhead.

To closely watch nature, where struggles, triumphs and survival are ap-proached in awesome complexity, has been a welcomed respite from the recent news on CNN. Watching the fish swim silently in patterns and the continued changes of autumn has brought to mind Wendell Berry's poem "The Peace of Wild Things":

*When despair for the world grows in me
and I wake in the night at the least sound
in fear of what my life and my children's
lives may be,*

*I go and lie down where the wood drake
rests in his beauty on the water, and the
great heron feeds.*

*I come into the peace of wild things
who do not tax their lives with
forethought
of grief. I come into the presence of still
water.*

*And I feel above me the day-blind stars
waiting with their light. For a time
I rest in the grace of the world, and I am
free.*

— Melissa Hamilton



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The Town

Tree Warden Meeting

Roger Tryon met with the Select Board to discuss the office of the Tree Warden, including questions relating to salary and payment for work. Tryon suggested that the Town's Highway Department crew be utilized for small-tree removal, perhaps for up to a third of trees requiring removal. Brown requested that Tryon prepare a list of trees that can be removed safely by the Town crew. Tryon will continue to employ outside contractors for the removal of larger trees, using the prevailing wage rate as a minimum. Because the Tree Warden is prohibited by law from hiring/paying himself, Tryon asked that the Salary Committee reevaluate his compensation in order to reflect fairly both his labor and equipment use.

Highway Department

The Board thanked Director of Operations Maynard Forbes for the timely placement of U.S. flags after the terrorist attacks against the U.S. on September 11. There was additional discussion about the ordering of flags and standards so that the Town will be prepared for appropriate occasions. In other matters, the Board requested that Forbes prepare Highway Department job descriptions for use by the Salary Committee in developing a new salary schedule.

Town Hall Drainage Problem

The Board and Administrative Assistant Bonnie Jurgenson met with architect David Bixby of Clark & Greene with regard to the ongoing drainage work at the Town Offices and the planned Phase 2 renovation of the building. Most of the discussion focused on issues of compliance with state law regarding certification and schedules. There was further discussion with Town Accountant Barbara Gauthier about the financing of Phase 2. Maynard Forbes and Ray Tryon joined the meeting, and a complete review was made of the detailed plans for Phase 2, as prepared by David Bixby.

Veterans Memorial Committee

An emergency meeting of the Veterans Memorial Committee was held on September 15. The Committee has offered to install (and pay for) a lighted flagpole in front of the Town Offices. There was discussion regarding the additional display of the state flag and the MIA flag in front of the Town Offices, but no decision was reached in this regard. (See related item on page 11.)

Temporary Assistant Hired

Town Accountant Barbara Gauthier advised that Linda Thorpe has been hired as a temporary employee in order to assist Administrative Assistant Bonnie

Jurgenson; the Board set the rate of pay per the Town salary schedule. In other matters, Gauthier advised that the Town's Free Cash balance has been certified at \$176,000, with the opportunity for recertification after receipt of \$51,000 in state highway reimbursements for work on Tyringham Road.

New Town Office Established

The Board voted unanimously to establish the office of Supervisors of Public Records and, further, to appoint the three Select Board members to this office, contingent upon approval of Town Counsel.

Salary Committee Meets

The Board met with Salary Committee members Barbara Tryon, Maureen Haugh, and Debra B. Mielke to discuss the preparation of a new assessment and schedule of Town salaries.

All-Boards Meeting

The Select Board would like to meet with all Town Officers, Boards, and Committees on Tuesday, October 9, at 7 p.m. at the Town Offices to discuss a proposal to introduce a "Pay-to-Throw" program for the Town's Transfer Station. An expert from the Department of Environmental Protection is expected to speak and be available for questions.

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Tax Collector Assistant

The Board appointed Anne Marie Enoch as an (unpaid) assistant to the Tax Collector for a three-year term ending June 30, 2003. New phone number for the Tax Collector is (413) 644-0299.

Halloween Hours

This years Halloween Hours for the Town of Monterey are Oct. 31, 5-8 p.m.

Transfer Station Winter Hours

Winter hours for the Transfer Station go into effect on Sunday, Oct. 28. They are: Sunday 10-4:30 p.m., and Wednesday and Saturday 8 a.m.-1 p.m.

Veteran's Day Fun Run

A Veteran's Day FunRun is being held to raise awareness and funds to support programs and services at the New England Shelter for Homeless Veterans. The event is a 5k FunRun/walk that winds through the Back Bay of Boston. The City of Boston's Annual Veterans Day Parade will march along the route immediately following the FunRun. It takes place Sunday, November 11, 2001 at noon. For information about participating in the FunRun, contact Chrissie MacArthur, (617) 371-1709 or visit the shelter web site: www.neshv.org.

— Glynis Oliver

Monterey Veterans Memorial Committee

At a recent urgent meeting, the Monterey Veterans Memorial Committee decided to purchase and install a new flag pole and flag at our Town Hall.

In addition, a light will be appropriately placed to illuminate the flag at night. This will allow the flag to remain in view twenty-four hours each day.

The Select Board unanimously approved this decision.

We now ask for your donations to fund this project. We still need some additional funding to complete minor work at the Veterans Memorial Park.

The light to illuminate the flag at the park will be installed in the near future. This will be paid for by the Monterey Volunteer Fire Company; also, they will pay the monthly electric bill to power this light.

Please make checks out to:
Monterey Veterans Memorial Committee
Treasurer, Town of Monterey
Monterey, MA 01245

We all thank everyone for the generous past and future contributions. It couldn't have been accomplished without *your* support.

— Monterey Veterans Memorial Com.

Fireman's Ball Set for October 6

The third annual Fireman's Ball will be held on Saturday, October 6, 7:00-11:00 p.m., at the Monterey Firehouse. This year the event carries with it a very special theme of gratitude to the Scheffey Family, recognizing and saluting them for outstanding community leadership supporting the Monterey Fire Company for 25 years.

Tickets for this celebration are \$40 per couple, or if you cannot attend the cost may be deducted as a Monterey Fire Co. tax-deductible contribution. For additional information, call (413) 528-2982.

Come if you can, socialize with your neighbors, satisfy your thirst at the cash bar and your hunger at a sumptuous buffet supper, and dance the night away, while supporting the efforts of the outstanding members of your Fire Department, always on call to come to your aid.

— George Emmons



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MONTEREY STORE NOTES

Buy one \$10 note now for \$9 & redeem it next summer for \$10 worth of merchandise. (Ten notes for \$85 - a savings of \$15)

The concept is known as Local Currency. In effect this is what happens: A community supplies its local business with a "line of credit" to see them through lean times - in our case - winter.

Local currency keeps hard earned dollars in ones own community. You can use your notes to pay local bills or redeem them at the store. Communities worldwide have discovered that local currency saves their local businesses from the burden of establishing a "line of credit" with a bank at that bank's preferred interest rate. The Monterey Community is our bank. We thank you.

In the Dark

Are You there

*amidst the gaggle
of wailing women
long on youth, light on sage
fear-filled taunts from tattered wombs*

*past the hollow gaze
of mighty men, lost
searching for the light of
a star that shoots and misses*

*in the voice that cries
to hide the seething
soul of father, his girl
and hers lost on foreign shores*

*cradled in cracked hands
scant grain, barren breast
those bone arms deliver
to parched mouths of bloated babies*

in the dark?

— Claudia Weldon

a strong first line

*what is the poetry of a boy
who is forced to watch
the slow methodical meticulous
starvation
poisoning
smothering*

*cutting off piece by piece
of parts and limbs
of his family*

*it probably begins with a strong first line
a crash*

maybe two or three

or five in a row

then a great gasp

*and soon a few loud shrieks and screams
followed by thousands*

of deep red flowing lines

written in the blood

of the innocent ignorant

dead and maimed

ending in a long low

wolflike wail

and the whisper of vengeance

and true to its nature

will inspire other poems

of similar style

— R. Zukowski



Beyond the Stone Fences

*In summertime
through our Berkshire Hills
we treasure our dirt roads
that wind, ascend, descend
like the grapevines
that snake the old trees,
drowsing in the sun.
Dust, ruts, gravel
and view slow the traveller.
A pheasant drums nearby,
perhaps to its foraging mate.
Large, ancient Sugar Maples
line the road protectively,
a tunnel effect of orange
in autumn, erasing the sky.
The tangled roots are exposed.
Wild honeysuckle meanders
in the wrinkled light of the woods.
Shattered petals of wild
cherry scatter when
a rabbit scuttles by us,
rattling the shadows so
even the mosquitos gawk.

Light filters through the leaves,
dappling the winding lanes.*

*An owl swooshes out of shade
intent on catching prey.
A red fox barks from the hemlocks,
unaware of Nature's restlessness.
Dainty Queen Anne's Lace
grows in every meadow.
The marshes boast tall Loosestrife,
the purple bruising the skyline.
Crickets have wing mandolins,
their songs bittersweet.
Newly fledged young swallows
line overhead wires.
Vireos, thrushes and warblers
are songbirds heard in the thickets.
Wild turkeys cross the roads,
yearning to be elsewhere,
rushing from one place to another.
Ravines are filled with hemlocks
full of spurts and flutterings.
Our senses quicken
with each startled surprise
of hollows, openings and clearings.
Clouds float like lint
from sheer exuberance
over puddles and stone fences.*

— Nancy Adams

At First Light

*Calm, calm, the agèd pines stand tall,
maple leaves are touched by lightest breeze.
As trunks and limbs stand out against a pale
blue sky, an early sun lights up the trees.
In morning's quiet space I sit and stare;
within my old porch chair I'm loosely held.
The day's beginning beckons cool and clear;*

*I feel my mind and body gently lulled.
Unhurried, I can slowly start to plan
my schedule for today. It's not too bad.
No crises loom; I really can't complain.
With luck, I might at ease go to my bed.
Calm, calm, the agèd pines stand tall.
Can this sweet balm persist 'til evenfall?*

— Edwin Schur

Literacy Network Offering Training for Volunteer Tutors

The Southern Berkshire Literacy Network (SBLN), a one-on-one adult literacy program based at the Lee Library on Main Street, is offering a hands-on, four-session training for volunteers wishing to learn how to teach adults basic reading, basic math, GED preparation, English as a Second Language, and citizenship exam preparation.

The training will begin *Monday, October 22*, and end *Tuesday, October 30*. All sessions are free and will be held in Blodgett House on the Simon's Rock campus from 6 to 9 p.m. Space is limited, and those interested should call 413-243-0471 or e-mail kamash@aol.com by October 19 to register. The primary qualifications for being a tutor are: patience, attendance at trainings, and a commitment to the student.

The *Monday, October 22* training, entitled "What is SBLN and the Adult as Learner," will look at why SBLN was created, how it works, and the challenges and rewards of tutoring adult learners. This session will be led by SBLN co-founders, Zoë Dalheim and Peg Smith, and SBLN Education Director Karen Shreefter.

In 1978, Dalheim founded and became director of The Learning Connec-

tion in Pittsfield, an organization offering information and referral, reading assessment, and tutoring for dyslexic adults. She also has filled the roles of coordinator, researcher, and teacher at Project READ.

Smith is coauthor of numerous resources for adult learners and those who work with them. She has been Reading Assessor and Reading/Writing Teacher at The Learning Connection in Pittsfield since 1978.

On *Tuesday, October 23*, Dalheim, Smith, and Shreefter will discuss "The Structure of English and Teaching Reading." This session will examine the 80 percent of English that follows rules and teaching reading; it will also provide an overview of learning disabilities.

The third session, on *Monday, October 29*, will be lead by Jean Leuchtenberger and is entitled "Learning Materials Review and Teaching Beginning ESOL." This session will look at SBLN's learning materials, discuss how to help students prepare for the GED exam (high school equivalency exam), and examine techniques for teaching English to non-English-speaking adults. Leuchtenberger is a longtime SBLN tutor as well as the former coordinator of an ESOL school in Peru.

The training concludes *Tuesday, October 30*, when ESOL specialist Chris-

tine Polk leads a workshop entitled "Teaching Intermediate English As a Second Language." Polk is an ESOL teacher at the Southern Berkshire Education Alliance's adult education classes at Searles Middle School in Great Barrington.

Founded in 1991, the SBLN program trains and provides volunteer tutors to teach reading, math, English as a second language and GED preparation to adults. Tutors and students meet at mutually convenient times and places in South Berkshire. The last census showed that about 4,000 adults in South County had no high school diploma. Each year over 100 adult learners use SBLN's free service for both native-born and immigrant adult students with a range of skills and needs. Some are afraid of losing jobs, because their reading, writing, and math skills have not kept pace with the increasing demands of the workplace. Others are unable to fill out job applications. SBLN tutors also help immigrants improve their English and prepare for citizenship.

For more information about the Southern Berkshire Literacy Network or to register by October 19, call SBLN at (413) 243-0471 or e-mail kamash@aol.com.

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Piecemakers and Popsicles

The Monterey Park Commission sponsored a Labor Day "Popsicle Party" at the Lake Garfield town beach, and it was also the day that the gorgeous quilt made by the Monterey Piecemakers was given away to the lucky winner of the raffle.

Children, escorted by parents and friends, gathered on one of the most beautiful mornings that we had seen all summer. The popsicles came from the Monterey General Store, and there were seventy very happy popsicle eaters. The winner of the quilt is local Monterey potter Ellen Grenadier.

A thanks to the Monterey Piecemakers who made the children's quilt: Barbara Tryon, MaryKate Jordan, Carole Zarin, Jan Emmons, Pam Johnson, Glynis Oliver, Gige O'Connell, and Marcia Doelman. The winning raffle ticket was picked out of a beach pail by Lily Chapman (5), who helped sell a great number of tickets on the porch of the Monterey General Store, at the beach, and at the playground during the summer. She also has been in consultations with the Park Commission recommending certain types of appropriate swing sets. Enough money was raised to buy a swing set to place on the beach. Other children who helped raise money in conjunction with the Quilt Raffle/Swing Set Project were: Emma Fried (8), who ran a lemonade stand on the beach for several weekends and donated \$40 in profits; Ilise (11) and Marielle (4) Weinberg and Elizabeth Kuhr (9), who sold rocks they

Chandler Crawford



Popsicles and stories at the beach

had painted and donated \$60. These donations were given to the Park Commission during the popsicle party.

The lake is soon to be drawn down, it is already too cold to swim anymore, and the wind keeps even the most ardent beach-goers away. But, see you next summer on the beach, complete with a new swing set. Many thanks to all those who supported the project by buying raffle tickets.

— Chandler Crawford

General Store Has New Hours, Needs Support

The Monterey Store will be open until six p.m. from now on! (With the exception of Sundays when we still close at noon.) We are still opening at 8 every morning.

• We now have a full-time butcher and the same great meat you have always enjoyed. **SPECIAL ORDERS WELCOME**

• We are buying our vegetables directly from Taft Farms, and shop for them ourselves. We are always on the lookout for organic produce.

• Please remember to buy your "Store Notes" — they help a lot in getting us through the lean winter months. You can buy a \$10 note for \$9 now and redeem it next summer for \$10 worth of merchandise.

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Self-Defense Classes for Women

The Monterey Police Department is pleased to present a self-defense education class, for women only. The Rape Aggression Defense (Rad) System is a program of realistic self-defense tactics and techniques. The Monterey Police Department is sponsoring this course not because of any problems in Monterey, but because we feel it is a good program that we are able to offer at no charge to the women of our community. We are in an age where many women travel throughout the country. It is comforting to know that with the proper training you can be prepared to handle an attack if you find yourself in the wrong place at the wrong time. As Susan B. Anthony (1871) said, "Woman must not depend on the protection of man but must be taught to defend herself."

The RAD System is a comprehensive course for women, beginning with awareness, prevention, risk reduction, and avoidance, and progressing to the basics

of hands-on defense training. RAD is not a martial arts program. The course is taught by area police officers who are certified RAD Instructors. Students will be provided with a workbook/reference manual that outlines the entire physical defense program for reference and continuous growth. The Rape Aggression Defense System is dedicated to teaching women defensive concepts and techniques against various types of assault, by utilizing easy, effective, and proven self-defense/martial arts tactics. Our system of realistic defense will provide a woman with the knowledge to make an educated decision about resistance.

Safety and survival in today's world require a definite course of action. RAD provides effective options by teaching women to take an active role in their self-defense and psychological well being.

Classes are open to women of all ages, but class size will be limited. There will be five two-and-one-half-hour class, one each week. Classes will start on Monday, November 5, 2001, at 6:00 p.m. at the Monterey Firehouse. If you are interested in this course there will be a sign-up sheet at the Monterey Town Hall, or you may leave your name and phone number on the Monterey Police Department business line 644-9774. For more information contact Chief Backhaus at the Monterey Police Department.

Remembering Dr. William B. Oislander

Dr. William B. Oislander, 87, passed away May 14, 2001, in Lake Worth, Florida. He was a highly respected and dearly loved General Surgeon who practiced in Lindenhurst, New York and New York City for over 50 years. He is survived by his loving wife of 54 years, Lillian, devoted daughters, Meredith Oislander and Marjorie Krause, and cherished grandchildren Lindsay and Allison. A graveside service was held May 16 at Mt. Ararat Cemetery, Farmingdale, New York. Memorial contributions may be made to the American Heart Association.

Cultural Council Accepting Grant Applications

The Monterey Cultural Council is now accepting applications for the current grant cycle. Submissions must be received by Monday, October 15, 2001. For further information about applications contact Al Goldfarb at 528-2132 or Bonnie Jurgenson at the Town Offices, 528-1443. Applications should be addressed to Monterey Cultural Council, Town Hall, Monterey, MA 01245.

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Lake Garfield Drawdown

Do's and Don'ts

At this writing, the Lake Garfield drawdown, a partial one this year, is scheduled to begin October 1. This date gives lakeside home and property owners time to clean up around their lakefront, and wildlife time to relocate their homes for winter safety. The wildlife, motivated by their biological imperatives, will be diligently working as soon as they feel the water levels receding.

Humans, however, tend to stop thinking about the lake when the swimming and boating season ends. The reality is that each lakeshore owner is a steward of part of the lake. And good stewardship practiced at the end of the season will result in a healthier shoreline and lake next year. The following are chores that will give the best payoff:

Do rake and weed at the shoreline and take debris material out of the lake. This removes organic material that would act as fertilizer for more weeds for next spring.

Don't just leave it there.

For those with phragmites reeds (tall swamp grass), which spread by extending their roots underground, the DEP representatives at the Lakes and Ponds Association of Western Massachusetts Conference on September 9 recommended the following:

Do dig up the thick root that spreads sideways and sends up shoots for the next year's growth.

Don't put plastic root barriers in the lakebed without local Conservation Commission approval.

As for the purple loosestrife (those pretty, but terribly invasive, purple flowers which have such impenetrable root systems that small animals cannot get through from shore to the water), DEP recommends:

Do enclose the plant with its millions of seeds in a large black plastic bag. Then dig out the plant, using care to prevent the seeds from escaping. This plant can take over entire lakes in a few years, destroying native plants and wildlife habitat.

Don't just hack away at the roots, shaking the plant and dispersing more seeds.

Remember, all the weeds, debris, and leaves left at your lakeshore when drawdown occurs will act as compost to add more phosphorous (fertilizer) to the lake weeds for next spring. So —

Do a good deed for the lake with cleanup, and

Don't just forget about your shoreline.

Lake Stewards — MAN YOUR RAKES!

— Pat Edelstein
LGA Ecology Committee

Glynis Oliver



Monarch in the making

Judith Davidoff to Perform in Sandisfield

On Saturday, November 3, at 8 p.m., Judith Davidoff will perform a one-woman show entitled "39 Strings" at the Sandisfield Arts Center.

The performance features music from the twelfth through the twenty-first centuries with commentary. An expert on the viola da gamba, Ms. Davidoff performs with such organizations as the New York Consort of Viols, the Arioso Trio, and the New York Philharmonic. She lives in New York City and Sandisfield.

The show will take place, café-style, on the lower level of the historic arts center building on Route 57 and Hammertown Road in Sandisfield. Admission is \$5 at the door. For more information, call (413) 258-3309.

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Sunday 10 a.m.—4:30 p.m.
(beginning Oct 28)
Wednesday 8 a.m.—1 p.m.
Saturday 8 a.m.—1 p.m.

Evil (Fear) in the Woods

Yesterday I paid a visit to the Big Rocks. These are some old giants I have known since my earliest childhood and whenever I come here I remember a time of wild panic I suffered when I was small. Now there is peace in the wet woods, with graceful ferns along the fissures of the boulders, the overhung slab sides looking as fresh as the day they were melded by the powers. That was a time of deafening upheaval, creation and destruction. At first this place must have looked scoured, like deserts of the moon, or a bomb site. Now it smells like leaf mould, and the greenery dripping and glistening here is the very essence of life on earth.

I wasn't here for the great groaning glacier, of course, but I did once experience my own panic, as raw and elemental as can be. I'd been exploring under the overhang, rooting around in the soft woods floor, clambering up and then spelunking through a crawlway. All of a sudden my overalls were full of yellow jackets, and no amount of thrashing, running, howling was too much — or even enough. I was out of my gourd with the situation, and even though it must have been close to fifty years ago I

can remember it in a flash, in a way that makes me one with any creature experiencing fear and panic. I am not grateful for this understanding, this oneness, but there it is. It hurts every time.

Of course it isn't always the yellow jackets we get to thank for our common experience, but at this time of year they are on their seasonal hair trigger, so they often do get the job of pushing us over the edge.

A few weeks ago, during a Sunday School picnic in the woods, evil struck.

adults were headed up the mountain behind the Quaker meetinghouse, after a campout the night before.

We had enthusiasm, esprit de Sunday School, and a significant combined sleep deficit. We got partway up the incredibly steep bit, bushwhacking on all fours over fallen hemlocks, and scuffling through the duff. A halt was called. The view was admired. We rose to continue our ascent, finding hand- and footholds among the rotting stumps. One gave way,

and a sneakered young Quaker foot found purchase in occupied territory: a yellow jacket nest.

Yellow jackets are colonial wasps, setting up small camps in abandoned chipmunk holes or other cavities in the early summer. They make paper nests like the ones we see in trees and bushes — the big gray footballs built by white-faced hornets. Yellow jackets live underground, and when the family is small, the investment not so big, they are not

aggressive. We see them at picnics, or in park trash barrels, drawn by jelly sandwiches and sugared drinks. They also love the sweet apple juice in summer apples that pile up unharvested under old trees. In these situations, a yellow jacket is unlikely to sting us, unless we actually take a bite of the sandwich it is also enjoying. Insects have brains too small to recognize sandwich ownership rights.



Well, it wasn't really a picnic, it was a hike. But it was Sunday School, or what we Quakers call First Day School, and to the principal victim that day, it was clear and present evil. He said so, again and again.

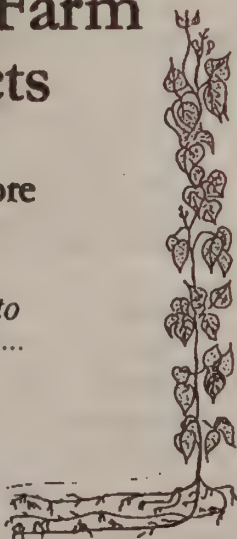
I'm going to call him Sammy. He is, I think, about six years old, smart, articulate, independent. On this Sunday, Sammy and several Young Friends and three

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As the summer goes on, the colony grows. Eggs are laid, larvae coddled, babies hatched, life assignments made. These insects have a draft, a mandatory conscription of certain individuals into protective forces. Some are assigned to child care, some to building teams. This kind of organization is necessary because there is now so much to protect, so much at stake. By late summer the mood of the yellow jacket has changed. Stomping in the nest by a huge sneakered foot sounds the general alarm: the home has been attacked.

This was not the foot of Sammy. As so often happens in group misunderstandings, the original perpetrator was on up the slope by the time Sammy and the rest of us entered the no-stomp zone. Several of us paid the price of this unwitting violation, but Sammy paid it inside and out. He was the youngest, the loudest, the reddest in the face. His panic button was maxed, and for some time there was nothing for it but to dance around in the haze of his sheer volume, hoping to find a way in.

At last we got him breathing deeply. You can't inhale and wail at the same time. This gives an opening for communication, we thought. The words began to come: "Aaaaah. Help! I want my mother! Carry me!" And then, as we counted up the other casualties and began our long way back down the mountain, he began to think things over.

"They're evil! Those bees are evil, that's all. I hate them."

Talk like this pushes a button for us nature bugs and it is a hard job for us to keep the mouth shut at such a time. I could see that Sammy was making his way back from the panic zone, the place into which he had been propelled by his pain and fear. Now he was separating himself from the enemy: he was the good guy, the victim. They were the demon, the evil.

The trauma counselors are advising us that rage is a necessary and natural response to pain, fear, loss, and huge trauma. What I saw in Sammy was that he needed a target, someone to blame and to put in a box labeled "evil." He didn't say what he would do with the box, and in his case, I think he just wanted to put it someplace far away. After a few minutes I began encouraging him to look into the box to see the yellow jacket defense force with understanding of who they are and why they do what they do. This was about phase 4 of the Terror on the Mountain story, and by the time we got down to the meetinghouse, Sammy was ready to let it go. It helped that his injuries didn't hurt so much any more — or maybe his letting go eased their sting.

Certainly he needs to keep his eyes peeled for wasps, especially at this time of year. The best way to do this is to know something about where they live and what their lives are like. Panic won't help us, though, and panic comes from fear. We should, as has been said, fear no evil — in the woods and elsewhere.

— Bonner J. McAllester

Folk, Jazz, Brazilian Music at Sandisfield Arts Center

On Saturday, October 20, at 8 p.m., vocalist Julie Searles and guitarist Matthew Allen will perform at the Sandisfield Arts Center.


Searles and Allen have been performing together for twenty years. Their graduate work in Ethnomusicology at Wesleyan University led to the two CDs, appointments to teach at various universities, and a performance repertoire of folk-oriented and Latin-influenced originals, jazz standards, and Brazilian song genres including bossa novas, sambas, and MPB (Musica Popular Brasileira).

Gage Averill, columnist of *The Beat* says, "Searles and Allen bring us to an intimate little cantinha where they serve up a hearty musical feijoada (stew) with a mix of Brazilian pop, jazz, and American folk that is entirely their own. The nimble guitar work and vocals skip along with all the effervescence and freshness of a mountain stream. The effect is spicy, unpretentious, and contagiously delightful."

The Sandisfield Arts Center is located on Route 57 and Hammertown Road in Sandisfield. Appreciated for its country charm, tall ceilings, and great acoustics, the 1839 building will eventually undergo historic restoration as funds are raised.

Tickets for the performance are \$15 at the door. For more information, call (413) 258-3309.

3




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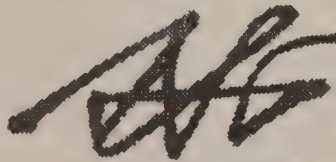
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Bidwell House Bedrock Gardens, Walls, and Cairns

As if synchronized with the summer season of visitors to The Bidwell House and the arrival of new Director David Dashiell to conduct informative tours of the museum, the venerable grounds surrounding the colonial building have also been restored in keeping with a sense of their history and agricultural heritage.

The heavy oblong stone slabs that step up to the front porch have been reappointed, the front walk relandscaped, and connected directly down a winding path to a new parking lot adjacent to the meadow below the house. Visitors now approach the saltbox from its most picturesque vantage point, following a path lined by stone walls to the sturdy timber frame building on its bedrock foundation.

Much of the work was contracted with Peter Jensen's Openspace Management; much of the credit for the financial support belongs to the generous bequest by Sally Fijux, whose memory will now tangibly link past and present in the perspective and perception of those who choose to take this path back in time.

George Emmons



Jan Emmons with her nephew and David Dashiell (r) in front of the Bidwell House

Planting and cultivation of the vegetable garden just behind the house has been under the professional supervision of the Eastern Seed Conservancy, whose mission in providing this service is to preserve heirloom seeds by growing vegetables that long ago provided a bountiful harvest for the original inhabitants at the homestead.

The Bidwell House flower gardens, some of which nestle and bloom in beds of rock gardens, have been replanted, weeded, and watered by none other than my better half, Jan. She has a vision of

color and form that is the envy of her peers, and by spearheading this project, while deadheading old flowers to stimulate new growth, she hopes her green thumb will encourage other volunteers to join in and contribute their own talents to enhance the natural beauty. Under her direction, weeds, vines, and bushes have been cut down and pulled away from the stone walls that frame the site of previous, as well as still standing, outbuildings. The view now must be close to the way it looked to travelers who came by along the old

Peter S. Vallianos Attorney at Law 528-0055

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Now walk with me, if you will, around the old trail that leads to the site of the first meetinghouse, not far away, but still going back twenty-five years before the Bidwell House and fifty years before the shot heard around the world was fired in Concord, 150 miles to the east. The meetinghouse foundation is marked by a small marble monument, erected by the D.A.R. in 1929, very commendable on their part but hardly doing justice to the determined toil required to prepare the ground for a place of worship. Teams of oxen, sturdy sledges, fulcrum levers, bending backs, and physical endurance sank the great stone slabs into the ground that is now their graveyard, overgrown with weeds and buried under many moons of falling leaves. The foundation is nevertheless recognizable by its raised impression of higher ground, upon which rested the builders concept of a foundation for loftier thoughts and activities.

Walking the trail that loops back to the Bidwell House, we would be less than adventuresome to ignore a faint path, not taken by most, that swings by the ancient cairn, a ceremonial cone of stones that seems to bear no recognizable form of agricultural function. Some colonial journals describe Indians rolling huge boulders on sections of tree trunks over the graves of sachems. Each brave when passing from that time forward was expected to add one more smaller stone to the pile. The cairn here seems to fit a pattern I have seen in Native American burial grounds, where a large pile denotes the grave of a head of a family or clan, surrounded by similar but smaller piles for other members. There are no less than five here.

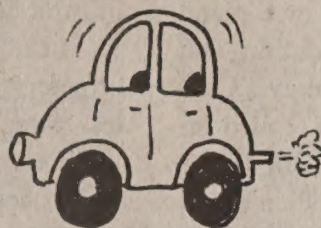
Completing the loop and closing the circle around the meadow below the landmark, the end of this tour leads through the stone enclosure that held up the barn, near the house, which becomes all the more meaningful, knowing where we came from and how we got here. Please join in, add to the Bidwell House Society numbers, and contribute whatever you feel is meaningful to you, in time, effort, or your own measure of appreciation.

— George Emmons

I Don't Get It . . .

The gravel road by my house (we call it the North Road — you can travel south if you wish) has become a bit of a speedway. When I'm out walking with my two-year-olds there is great concern that someone will come roaring around the corner and take us all out of the picture. Fortunately you can hear the gravel taking paint off the cars when they travel at that speed. When they see you they don't even think to slow down!

On this particular day I was driving. I was on my way home and had just passed the stone boundary marker alerting me that I was back in my Monterey neighborhood. I was taking in the sights when I spotted an SUV-type vehicle (no kangaroo guards on this car) zooming toward me. It hadn't yet crossed the one-lane bridge spanning the mighty Rawson Brook. It is important to know a bit more about the landscape here. There is a very large hole (big hole) in the road track just before you cross the bridge. (I really slow down to get around this one.) Follow that with a nasty gully cutting across the roadway, a deep ditch along the side of the road, and a slight curve, and you have a wonderful section of gravel road to negotiate. Two cars cannot



fit, so one of the two must yield to the other or both will be in trouble. Gravel-road etiquette, most often, has everyone doing his or her part — slow down, smile, say thank you if someone pulls off the road. You know, people skills.

The driver of the SUV must have been ecstatic with a goat cheese purchase and had not a care in the world. The crossing of the bridge was a sight to behold! Not sure how many wheels were on the ground before hitting the gully and the curve! Wow!! I stop and watch with amazement. What a sound! Gravel flying and an impressive cloud of dust. The driver now catches sight of me (the car slightly out of control) and pulls over (this is a good thing) into the ditch. With one wheel in the ditch and one wheel on the road (driver being tossed all over the inside of the car), car and driver proceed pass me at break-neck speed. The driver did smile at me. I look for car parts in the road.

Why people drive like this is a mystery to me. I've spent way too much time on it

I don't get it . . .

(As you approach the speed of light, time stretches [slows down]. No point in going fast to make up time. It takes forever.)

— John Sellew



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Looking for Photos

To the Editor:

I am working on a video on teaching dance to children, and am looking for photographs to illustrate my early dance experiences in Monterey.

I first danced with Helen Shaw, who, as our phys-ed teacher, called square dances to the music of her own piano playing when I was a second, third and fourth grade student at Monterey's Center School in the late 1950s. I also remember square dancing to Bill Hall's calling as part of a Firemen's Picnic, and square dancing at Gould Farm to a man who called to the music of his own accordion playing in the Main House after our community Christmas Caroling around Monterey.

I would love to have photos to use in the video to illustrate this. Photos could be of:

* Helen Shaw leading square dancing (anywhere).

* Children square dancing in Center School.

* Photo of inside of Center School or Corashire School when school is in session during the late 1950s.

* Bill Hall leading square dancing in the 50s or early 60s.

* Community square dancing in Monterey in the 50s or early 60s.

* Square dancing at Gould Farm in the 50s or early 60s

Any of these would be wonderful illustrations for the video I am doing.

I can be reached at (802) 257-1006 or peter@amidonmusic.com or 20 Willow Street, Brattleboro, VT 05301, or you could call Fran Amidon at 528-1233, who is helping me on my photo search.

The video, *Chimes of Dunkirk — Teaching Traditional Dance to Children*, to be published by New England Dancing Masters, includes footage of community (multi-age) dances and dance sessions with children in elementary schools led by myself, other community dance leaders, and by music and phys-ed teachers. The video will be a companion to the *Chimes of Dunkirk* book and CD, which I published with my New England Dancing Masters colleagues ten years ago, and which is now used by music teachers, phys-ed teachers, and community dance leaders across the United States.

Many thanks to my mom, Fran Amidon, and to June Tryon, Judy Shaw Hayes, and others who have been so helpful to me with my search for photographs.

— Peter Amidon

Contributors

We thank the following people for their recent contributions.

Chandler Crawford & Fred Chapman
Jean Germain
Lynne & John Gardner

Jimmy Fund Pan-Mass Ride

To the Editor:

The Pan-Mass Challenge fund-raising event for the Jimmy Fund last month went very well. This was a 200-mile bike ride from Sturbridge to Provincetown. My brother Del rode with me, along with 3100 other riders, and we raised over 13 million dollars. The proceeds will be used at the Dana Farber Cancer Institute in Boston. This year, the Dana Farber was ranked fourth among the top ten cancer research and treatment centers in the country. The doctors who spoke to us over that weekend were very excited about the recent breakthroughs in genetic research, in understanding the genes that can cause cancer.

I may have missed some of you in my earlier fund-raising efforts and others of you I may not yet have on my list. I will be fund-raising through October and would appreciate any donations. Checks can be made out to The Jimmy Fund/PMC and mailed to me at P.O. Box 25 in Monterey. Most importantly, I want to thank all of you who contributed so far.

— Roger Tryon

CHARLES J. FERRIS Attorney at Law



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Calendar

Every Thursday: People's Pantry, 11:30 a.m.-1 p.m., St. Peter's Parish, 16 Russell St., Great Barrington. Free food for the needy.

Tuesday, October 2: Full Moon.

Saturday, October 6:

Fireman's Ball, 7-11 p.m., Monterey Firehouse, \$40. See p. 11.

The Historic House Tour set for this date in Sandisfield has been cancelled.

Monday, October 8: Town Offices closed for observance of Columbus Day.

Thursday, October 11: Free blood pressure clinic, 2:30-3:30 p.m., Town Hall, administered by Visiting Nurses Assoc. (Please note change in day and time.)

Friday, October 19: Monterey Food Co-op order distribution and pickup, 11 a.m. to 6 p.m. Meetinghouse basement.

Saturday, October 20: Folk, Jazz, and Brazilian music performance by vocalist Julie Searles and guitarist Matthew Allen, 8 p.m., Sandisfield Arts Center, Hammertown Rd. at Rt. 57. Admission \$15 at door. Information (413) 258-3309. See p. 19.

Saturday, October 27:

Harvest Supper to benefit the New Boston Congregational Church, Parish Hall, Rt. 57, Sandisfield. Serving turkey, mashed potato, gravy, stuffing, vegetables, cranberry sauce, rolls, pumpkin and apple pies. Take-outs available. Tickets at the door. Adults \$7.00, Children 12 and under \$4.00.

Square & contradancing, 8:30-11:30 p.m., Sheffield Grange, Rt. 7, Sheffield, Mass. Music by Mountain Laurel, calling by David Kaynor. All dances are taught, beginners and children are welcome. Refreshments at intermission.

Adults \$5, children \$2. Information (413) 528-9385.

Sunday, October 28:

Set your clocks back one hour. Daylight Savings Time ends.

Winter Transfer Station hours take effect.

Wednesday, October 31: Halloween. Town hours are 5-8 p.m.

Saturday, November 3: Judith Davidoff in viola da gamba performance of "39 Strings," 8 p.m., Sandisfield Arts Center, Hammertown Rd. at Rt. 57. Admission \$5 at door. Information (413) 258-3309. See p. 17.

Wednesday, November 16: Community potluck dinner, 6 p.m., Meetinghouse basement. See p. 8. Everyone please come.

Personal Notes

Happy Birthday wishes to **Rita Gottlieb** and **Karla Eileen Brady** on the 1st, **Jim Gauthier** and **Mabel Sheridan** on the 2nd, **Giuliana Raab** on the 4th, **Alyssa Mielke** on the 5th, **Oriana Raab** and **Paula Mielke** on the 6th, **Joseph Makuc** and **Tom Thorn** on the 9th, **Karen Shreefter** on the 11th, **Dave Quisenberry** on the 12th, **Taylor Amsted** and **Jeri Palmer** on the 17th, **Jill Amstead** on the 19th, **Ian Rodgers** on the 22nd, **Claire Mielke** on the 24th, **Stephen Bynack** and **Debra Mielke** on the 25th, **Elizabeth Orenstein**, **Emily Boyer** and **Keller Dinan** on the 26th, **Deborah Mielke** on the 27th and **Gisela Freundlich** on the 31st.

Happy Anniversary to **Dick and Barbara Tryon** on the 5th.

Congratulations to **Tara Mielke** and **Christopher Johnson** on the occasion of their wedding September 1, 2001. Tara is

The Observer

August 26-September 25

High temp. (8/31) 89°
Low temp. (9/15) 38°
Avg. high temp. 76.1°
Avg. low temp. 50.6°
Avg. temp. 63.4°
Total rainfall 5.62"
Precipitation occurred on 9 days.

the daughter of **Charles and Debra Mielke** of Blue Hill Rd.

Anyone watching the US Open Womens Finals featuring Serena and Venus Williams in early September would have seen a familiar face. **Oona Sellew**, daughter of **John Sellew**, was singing in the Elm City Girls Choir along with Diana Ross.

And congratulations to **Lanny Lanoue**, who won the ocean shell race in the seventh annual Bernie Ryan Regatta at Onota Lake in Pittsfield on September 9.

— Deborah Mielke



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Our editorial address is *Monterey News*, P. O. Box 9, Monterey, MA, 01245. We invite letters, articles, drawings, poetry, and photographs from readers. Please send submissions (on PC disk if possible) by the fifteenth of the month before publication, addressed to the attention of the Editor. Send any change of address, or initial request to receive the

News by mail (free!) to Barbara Tryon, Business Manager. We will typeset a text-only ad for your Monterey-based business, service, or event, or advertisers may submit an ad with graphics on a PC formatted disk. Address your request for advertising rates and further information to the Editor, or telephone us in Monterey at 413-528-4347.

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Contributions from local artists this month: George Emmons, p. 9; Bonner McAllester, p. 18; Glynis Oliver, pp. 12, 21.

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